

LATE IN THE NIGHT

october night, late
in the month. georgette
peeling apples, japanese
ones. an apple pie in
the works. from where
i'm sitting in the spare
room going through books
i can hear the movements
of the knife slicing against
a cuttingboard. the books
are paperbacks in a cardboard
box, ones left here by other
people and who have never
asked for them back. the
apples we picked up in
town earlier. huge ones
too. on the way
back we were speculating
on whether the four
of them would be
enough. then in
the kitchen she
discovered that there were
only three, so i had to
go out to the car
to see if one had
rolled out of the bag.
turned out
one had.
while i was out there
i was struck by
the crispness of
the night, the
clearness of
the sky, the
stars, the number
of them, all crowded
over the tops of
trees, looking
as though they were
connected to
the branches
like small white
christmas lights.
it was awhile
before i
went in
again.